

Texas Siftings.

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THE RACE TROUBLE IN UNCLE SAM'S PASTORAL ARCADIA.

UNCLE SAM—LOOK HERE, MR. BLACK SHEEP, I'M TIRED OF YOUR COMPLAINTS. IF YOU CAN'T MANAGE TO GET ALONG PEACEABLY WITH THE WHITE SHEEP, I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO AFRICA.

Texas Siftings.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

The proper plunder of mankind is man.

It is natural for a cattle king to try to impose the yoke.

"HEAVY Snow in California." What a State that is for luxuries!

The human race is run on the course of true love, as a general thing.

The proprietor of a gaming house should never abuse his betters.

An increase of "wedges" is a favorite topic with beetle-brow'd men.

HAND-SHAKING will never be done away with so long as men drink whisky to excess.

DEATH advertises itself in many ways, and it generally performs what it advertises.

A BILLIARD saloon keeper explained that spot cash meant cash down before he would spot a ball.

Ask some speculator who has tried to corner it and failed, and he can tell you what the wheat "belt" is.

Russia, whose thoughtful brotherhood
Lets no good chances slip,
With national freemasonry
Has sent us now the "grip."

An economist is often a man who can tell everybody else how to economize without being able to do it himself.

EVERY once in a while it is stated that the swallow-tail coat has had its day, but the society man and the waiter don't swallow tales of that nature.

A DISAPPOINTED man says that he has joined a great many societies but finds no satisfaction in them. Did you ever try the society of your wife and children?

Who can say that our country's power and wealth
Are less than in days of yore,
When we've more *influenzial* citizens now,
Than we ever have had before?

WHEN we read that a book is printed for private circulation—among friends of the author—we detect a suspicion on the part of said author that it could never obtain circulation anywhere else.

P. T. BARNUM cabled from London a New Year's greeting to a New York paper, incidentally mentioning that he should return to America in the spring, with a bigger show than ever. P. T. never forgets Barnum.

A CYNICAL man says: "If you want to keep a friend never do business with him. If he takes advantage of you you will hate him. If you discover that you have missed an opportunity to trick him you will hate yourself."

It is one of the wonders of the world that a young lady can sit around the house all day with a piece of red flannel wrapped around her throat, nursing her influenza, and in the evening dress up to see her beau, the healthiest woman in existence.

OUR PREMIUMS.

Our extraordinary offer of books by way of premiums to those who subscribe for TEXAS SIFTINGS, continues to add hundreds of names to our list every week from all parts of the country. The scheme is a far greater success than we had anticipated. While we get scores of letters from those who have received the books, expressing the utmost satisfaction with them—many say they are far ahead of anything they had expected—there are a few who write to find fault. They seem to have anticipated receiving one hundred or more books bound in morocco, gilt edged and illustrated with steel engravings—*édition de luxe*, as it were. There has been no misrepresentation in the matter. The books are in stout paper covers as we advertise, and the printing is good. But some people are never satisfied with anything.

HOW LIFE PASSES IN A RESTAURANT.

A New York restaurant is full of sad suggestions and pathetic possibilities, and we are constantly reminded of the flight of time and the mutability of all things. A young man glowing with the fire of youth, and radiant with its alluring hopes, enters and sits down to a table; a waiter approaches, receives his order and departs. Years roll by; the young man becomes care-worn and middle-aged. He eats his soup



THE TROUBLE WAS IN THE ICE.

INDIGNANT GUEST—Waiter, this steak is not fresh.

WAITER—Beg pardon, sir, it's fresh off the ice.

INDIGNANT GUEST—Then the ice is stale. Get fresher ice.

and orders a roast. The pitiless years show their snows upon his head; he grows querulous and feeble, and is carried away to his long home just as the waiter heaves in sight, and the proprietor steps up to ask if any one has taken his order.

ABOUT THE WEATHER.

The weather-wise have been kept very busy of late trying to account for the April-like weather we have been enjoying this winter, though there is a question whether we have really enjoyed it, knowing that it was favorable to "the grip" and its attendant train of disorders. One of our most scientific observers scouts the theory of the close approach of the Gulf Stream to our coast. He went out twenty-five miles in a boat and could discover no trace of it. Another student of winds and temperature is quite certain that warm weather is caused by gales from the West taking a northern direction through Canada instead of patronizing

one of our own trunk lines, thereby drawing an unusual amount of warm air from the Gulf to fill the vacuum. One correspondent suggests that the great amount of electricity that is being manufactured has changed the temperature of our beloved country, while another attributes the vernal weather to the opening of so many natural gas wells. The probability is that one theory is as good as another, and no matter how wisely they may write or talk no one knows anything at all about it. In the meantime we advise our readers not to concern themselves about the weather to the exclusion of every other topic and interest.

THE LATE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

Dowager Empress Augusta, of Germany, who died recently, was distinguished by the friendship of Goethe and Schiller when she was a little girl. Her father, the famous Grand Duke of Weimer, was the friend and protector of these literary stars, and she could never forget that she had enjoyed the intellectual tutelage of Goethe in particular. She was very fond of his poetry and could repeat pages of it, and perhaps that was the reason she didn't get on better with her husband. A plain business man as Kaiser William was, who would rather sit in the war office with Bismarck, studying some new and improved gun, than mingle with literary coteries, didn't want too much poetry hurled at him. And he tired of hearing Goethe spoken of with enthusiasm as the greatest man that ever lived, when he was revolving plans for German unity that would afford his statue a very considerable niche in the temple of fame. And so they lived apart, she nursing memories of Schiller and Goethe, and he giving practical form to broad national plans, resulting, as we all know, in a great and powerful nation. But if they did not sympathize together they always treated each other with the utmost respect. During the Franco-Prussian war, the German Emperor sent all the telegrams to her intended for the German people, and when he came to die the poor, sick Empress was carried to his bedside and sat holding his hand till the end came.

CHINESE WAYS.

There is a Chinese historian, philosopher and scholar now lecturing in the West. His object is to instruct the people of America as to the true character of the people and institutions of the Celestial Empire. He says that in China they have their criminal classes, semi-criminal and honest, just as we have in America. Men who are found guilty of social crimes are punished in China very much as they are here, except a little more severely, perhaps. Then there is another class composed of sharp fellows, who are found in all professions and who hold that everything is honest and respectable which puts money in the

purse. The men of this class may charge and collect illegal fees; practice extortion; sell tissue goods for silk; pass gilded pieces of bronze for silver; play tricks with cards; deal in wooden nutmegs; sell dressed rats in the market for squirrels; and it's all right. These tricks they play upon one another, and the law does not punish them, for the reason that, according to the ethics of this class all such practices are right if not detected. The head mandarin of each district endeavors to hunt them out, however, and when unmasked they are required to take a name equivalent to shyster, trickster, bummer, dead-beat, etc., as the case may be. This is done to put honest people on their guard. Pity such a law cannot be enforced in America.

"Africa for the Africans," is the cry in certain quarters where objection is raised to England, Germany, France and other European nations planting colonies in the Dark Continent. Where would we be if "America for the Indians" had prevailed?

INTERRUPTED.



HEY paused on the
brink of a terrible
fate,
Unconscious, their
footsteps had
strayed
To the Rubicon
deep, where the
waters ne'er
sleep,
An enraptured young
man and a maid.
"All my life," thus
he spoke with
trembling joy,
"Will my heart give
its homage to
thee."

Then he pressed a caress—just where, you can guess,
And bruised the damp grass with his knee.



The lips of the maid quivered with a reply,
When a frog, who assisted at chants,
With a hop and a bound went over the ground
And straight up the leg of his pants.



Then there was a moving tableau,
Frantic, weird and gory-hued,
While the froglet, filled with wonder,
Roamed the pantlet of the dude.

E. R. COLLINS.

JOKES FROM THE GERMAN.

"Why is Miss B—wearing black?"

"She is in mourning for her husband."

"Why, she never had a husband!"

"No; that is why she mourns."

"Remarkable how wet it is!"

"Wouldn't it be more remarkable if it was dry, in
this rain?"

"She—Richard, this would be a good time to get
papa's consent."

"He—Why, is he in particularly good humor?"

"She—On the contrary he is very angry over my
dressmaker's bills, and would gladly be rid of me."

"Captain—Lehman, why did I see you behind a tree
in drill time?"

"Recruit—Because the tree wasn't thick enough."

"A.—How can you tell an old fowl from a young
one?"

"B.—Easy enough—by the teeth."

"Teeth! Fowls have no teeth."

"No, but I have."

The photographic art has
been brought to such perfection
that we know a man who prefers
his wife's photo. to the original.

"Karl, you have been fight-
ing; I can see it in your eyes."

"O, mamma! you ought to
see the other boy's eyes."

An old veteran, who saw his
cigar was annoying a lady near
him, asked:

"Do they not smoke in your
regiment, madam?"

"In my regiment, perhaps,
but not in my company!"

WHY HE WASN'T FRIGHT-
ENED.

I was coming down from
Harlem on the elevated line. A
friend sitting by me was scoring
the newspapers for printing so
much matter concerning *la*
grippe. He said it did no good,
and only alarmed the people.
Timid folks were frightened into
the disorder by reading so much
about it.

"Look at that man opposite
us," said he, "with *The World*
in his hand. I'll bet you any-
thing you please that he is read-
ing the epidemic page."

To satisfy himself that his
conjecture was true he got up
and contrived to steal a glance
at the page, then he nodded his
head to me that he was correct
in his surmise. But he couldn't
help expressing to the stranger his indignation that
the papers filled their columns in such a way. "It
helps spread the epidemic," he said.

"Think so?" asked the stranger, in a tone full of in-
terest.

"I'm sure of it. The people read it and are filled
with alarm; they imagine they are ill and rush to the
nearest drug store."

"Shouldn't wonder if that is the way it works," the
stranger almost chuckled.

"But doesn't it alarm you when you read those long
accounts of the deadly work of the grip?"

"Not at all," replied the stranger. "You see I run
a drug store up in Harlem."

NOTHING EARNEST IN IT.

A pretty little girl favorite of mine, a child of seven,
visited our house the other day, and, hunting me up,
found me busily engaged in writing a sketch
for SIFTINGS.

She hung around for some time, but
finally sought more congenial company.

"She was asked why she did not remain
with me."

"Oh, he wouldn't talk to me hardly
any," she replied.

"What was he doing?"

"Just nothing but writing, and he
wasn't writing in earnest, either."

"Just pretending to write?"

"No; he did write. He wrote a pile.
He wrote and wrote and wrote and wrote,
but I just believe it was nothing at all, be-
cause every once in a while he kind of
laughed, and I don't believe he'd laughed
that way all to himself if there had been
any earnest in what he wrote."

HOPING FOR THE BEST.

Visitor—Parson, I came to have a talk
with you about that low-down son of a gun,
Jones.

Clergyman—You should not use such
harsh language. What has he done?

He is my neighbor and has annoyed me
in a thousand ways. He poisoned my dog;
he told lies about me to the other neighbors,
and he never lets an opportunity pass to
annoy me.

My dear sir, he will be punished in due
time. And if he escapes in this world, jus-
tice will surely overtake him in the next.

That's all right, parson; but suppose



THE LACK OF CONFIDENCE PAINED HIM.

MOTHER—I believe, Charley, you have been at that jam in the
pantry.

Boy—I should think, madam, that a seven years' acquaintance with
me should protect me from such unworthy insinuations.

the scoundrel repents on his death-bed, what then?
"Let us hope for the best," quietly responded the
parson.

HE HAD RETIRED.

An angry guest at an Austin, Texas, hotel came
down stairs at two o'clock in the morning and said to
the night clerk: "Who is that man across the hall
from me kicking up such a racket? I can't sleep a
wink."

Clerk—"Oh, he is a retired army officer on a little
toot."

"Retired, has he? Well, if he makes all that clamor
after he has retired, what a boiler yard he must be for
noise before retiring."

The society reporter described a lady in lavender
silk, but the types made it laudanum—a sort of opium
habit, as it were.



GREAT FORESIGHT.

Boss—This makes the third day now that you haven't
shined my shoes.

CUFFY—Dar's no blackin' in de house, sah.

Why didn't you tell me before?

Bekase I was afeerd you mout buy a box.



A TEXAS SIFTINGS JOKE MAKES THEM BOTH HAPPY.

THE OUTLOOK FOR 1890.

The outlook at most points is encouraging, although the demand for hot drinks is light, caused by the mild weather. Doctors report business good, and undertakers say they find it difficult to supply the demand in their line, owing to prevailing epidemics of diphtheria, influenza, etc. The supply of linemen is a little short of the demand, and advices from various points indicate a stagnation in railroad casualties. There is a marked falling off in divorces at Chicago, the attention of the people appearing to be absorbed by the World's Fair question. This is counterbalanced, however, by the increased number of elopements of employers and pretty stenographers. The murder clearings are up to the average. The matrimonial market is somewhat depressed with large offerings of spinsters, but few takers. Runaway marriages, however, are steadily advancing, which has a tendency to stimulate desertions and create a demand for foundling asylums.

There is considerable activity among wife-beaters, and poison is still sought for by school girls; but protracted meetings are unusually quiet, except where the movement is stimulated by young ministers without wives. Rich fathers with marriageable daughters are firm; but there is a marked weakness where foreign dukes with heavy debts are brought into competition with home products.

The situation at Sing Sing is about the same, with a few arrivals. The output of broken-backed wives and roasted babies at Cincinnati has fallen off materially since the closing of the saloons on Sunday; there is a brisk trade in handkerchiefs, however, due to the grip. Strikes are almost entirely out of the market, and Anarchy is at a standstill.

The depression in prize fights has been followed by a stronger feeling, as the prospective mill between Sullivan and the negro slugger has a tendency to restore confidence. The imports of foreign paupers are light, but that is lost sight of in the increased imports of epidemics. Exports of very wealthy people who want to "do" Europe before they know whether Kalamazoo is east or west of the Mississippi, are unusually large. Breadstuffs are in considerable demand among

the poorer classes, with little in sight; the supply of tracts, however, is ample.

Mules are active at interior points, with a corresponding increase of trade in rubber noses and false teeth. The number of people who "didn't know it was loaded" seem to be on the increase; while the supply of deaf men who insist on walking on the railroad tracks is reported "only fair." Executions are at a discount, but happily that is met by a picking up in lynchings. The depression in conflagrations is marked; but it is hoped that when la grippe gets fairly started among the interior firemen some relief will be apparent.

Deaths by freezing seem to be at a minimum, with prospects for the future very gloomy, unless relieved by February and March blizzards. Confidential clerks and cashiers are still sought for; but Canada seems to offer greater inducements to them, and so far the balance of trade is in her favor. Neighborhood feuds and family exterminations are still firm, with encouraging indications for the future; boiler explosions are a little agitated, however, but with a rising tendency. Antemortem dissections of husbands with bread-knives and sheep shears are reported prevalent among farmers' wives, with occasional fluctuations in favor of homicide with shot-guns and hoe handles. Dynamite explosions

are strong, with cranial concussions closely following. The monstrosity market is exceedingly dull, no double-headed calves or two-legged colts being so far reported.

Altogether, the New Year may be said to have opened auspiciously, and but for a slight tendency to inactivity in floods and snow blockades, there would be abundant reason to predict an era of unusual calamity.

COL. MAX SEUDDER.

ARISTOCRACY.



INGS have always been flattered and envied.

Many Americans of a certain type worship a title with a blind idolatry, not unlike that of the ancient Hebrews worshipping the golden calf, which had, at least, the merit of being golden, while the average prince is a calf without any gilding whatever.

The watermelons and foreign noblemen are the only seedy things that are admitted without question into our best (?) families.

All other things being equal, there is no more difference between a prince and a peasant than between a brick upon a turret and a brick at the bottom of a well. Neither brick is responsible for his social status, and both are made of pretty much the same kind of mud.

Fashionable society has but two faults: First, in being hollow-headed, and secondly in being hollow-hearted. Very frequently gentility consists in eating meat with a silver fork when the butcher has not been paid. Very often what you don't know about the so-called elite makes them respectable.

On this subject Daniel Webster wrote: "There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride, but there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart."

PROHIBITION ITEM.

Smith—I am sorry, Jones, that I can't offer you anything to drink.

Jones—Never mind me; it's a good idea not to keep it in the house.

But I do keep it in the house, as a general thing, but Parson Purewater, my wife's uncle, a prohibitionist lecturer, is visiting us, and—

I see. You don't want to shock his sensibilities.

It ain't that; he drinks it all up. The last drop went last night after his lecture.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A.—So you are married. How in the world did that come about?

B.—You know how I love sauerkraut and bacon?

Yes.

Well, my landlady gave them to me every day, and out of gratitude I proposed to the daughter.

"WHAT would six ounces of tea come to at sixty cents a pound?" asked the teacher of a class the other day. "Leaves!" replied the bad small boy, and since then he prefers to sit down edgewise.



THE DUDE'S PLIGHT.

A dog hadn't bitten him. He had bought a pair of \$15 trousers for \$2, that's all.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XIII.



It makes a difference, my children, whether a man is in a country following the lively occupation of an invader, or whether that country belongs to him. So it was with Rollo the Norman. As a merry freebooter he pillaged France at will, tearing down castles, demolishing churches and burning towns as the whim seized him. But after the King of France had parceled out Normandy to him, made him hereditary lord of it and given to him his daughter's hand in marriage, his conduct took a change. Up to that time he had been a pagan; he held a pew in a pagan church, although he rarely went himself; he subscribed liberally to send pagan missionaries into christian lands to convert them to Bob Ingersollism, and took all the pagan newspapers that were published. He couldn't treat a christian with any decency at all, and frequently declined to do business with him.

Lord of Normandy and husband of the Princess of France, he began to inquire what church her folks attended, anyhow. He took a deep interest in spiritual affairs, and was finally baptized into the faith, together with other eminent pirates belonging to his band. Then he rebuilt the churches and began to fight for a division of the school fund. He patronized the arts, encouraged commerce, and set the example among his followers of putting on a boiled white shirt every Sunday morning. In fact he became quite respectable, and the old women of the neighborhood said they never expected to see Rollo turn out so well.

The barbarian Northmen grew into the language and manners of the French people very rapidly whenever they mingled with them. Although Rouen, their capital, was considerable of a town, yet they preferred to take a run up to Paris when they wanted to see a circus or get rid of any superfluous stock of red paint that had accumulated on their hands. And it is a good deal that way with many people now who are not Normans. Your historian can say from experience that Paris is the place to see fun, certainly.

It was amusing to see how indignant those reformed Norman freebooters would get when they sighted a pirate ship hovering along their coast—after it became their coast, that is to say. They said the laws against piracy ought to be rigidly enforced, until every viking was driven from the sea. It was a disgrace to civilization, they said, that they were allowed to go pillaging along neighboring coasts, and they favored a council of nations to put it down. There is no more rabid prohibitionist, sometimes, than a retired rumrunner who has made all the money he wants.

Charles the Simple, who was filling the throne of France at this time, gave great offense to his nobles by permitting a favorite named Haganon to sway the sceptre. A people compelled to pay a king his salary and keep him in clothes, prefers to have him sway the sceptre himself and not turn the job over to a substitute. A queen rarely falls into this weakness, I have noticed. She doesn't allow anybody to handle the sceptre, sceptre-self.

And so the nobles got up a revolt against the king, not a difficult thing to do anytime in France, *mes enfants*, if you have followed this veracious history closely. Charles rallied his forces and gave battle, but after numerous vicissitudes he died a prisoner in the castle of Peronne, 929. He was succeeded by his son Louis d'Outremer—from Over the Sea—so called

because his youth was passed in England, where his mother, daughter of the King of the Anglo-Saxons, had taken refuge with him. Louis from Over the Sea was welcomed with sincere joy by the French nation, and immediately took possession of the throne of his ancestors, after having it newly upholstered, gilded and varnished.

Louis brought many habits and customs from England that were not altogether pleasing to his subjects. He wore a single eye-glass stuck in one eye; his trousers were always turned up at the bottoms whether it rained or not; he affected suits of clothes with big plaids, cultivated mutton-chop whiskers, carried an umbrella all the time, and said "me deah boy," and "doutcher know." The French, who are prejudiced against English ways, anyhow, doubted very much whether their young king had benefited any from his sojourn over the sea. He was of a spirited disposition, nevertheless, and seemed inclined to run his kingdom without much advice from anybody. He had learned that much independence in England.

Hugh the Great and other powerful nobles resented this. Assisted by the Duke of Normandy they formed an allegiance with Otto the Great, King of Germany—a most potent and ambitious sovereign—and Louis met with successive defeats at their hands until he was left with little more than the merest shadow of royal authority. He was killed by a fall from his horse while wolf hunting, in 954. The next king of any renown was Hugh Capet, son of Hugh the Great, who was crowned at Reims in 987, and who was the founder of the third, or Capetian race of kings, a dynasty destined to preside over the fortunes and shape the destinies of France for more than eight hundred years, and to be overthrown at last by one of the mightiest revolutions the world has ever seen. Of the Capetians I will tell you more in my next paper, *chers petits amis*.

HER HANDS FULL.

Excited Boy—Come on, quick! The ould man is batin the ould woman again.

Police Justice—Why don't she come herself if she wants to make a complaint, or have him arrested?

Excited Boy—She's too busy. She's got him down and is bumpin' his head on the flure.

MEDICAL ITEM.

A.—Dr. S is very sick again.

B.—Why, I heard that Dr. W. treated him successfully, and that in consequence he was restored to health.

A.—Yes, that's so; but it worried Dr. S. so much that Dr. W. cured him that he had a relapse.

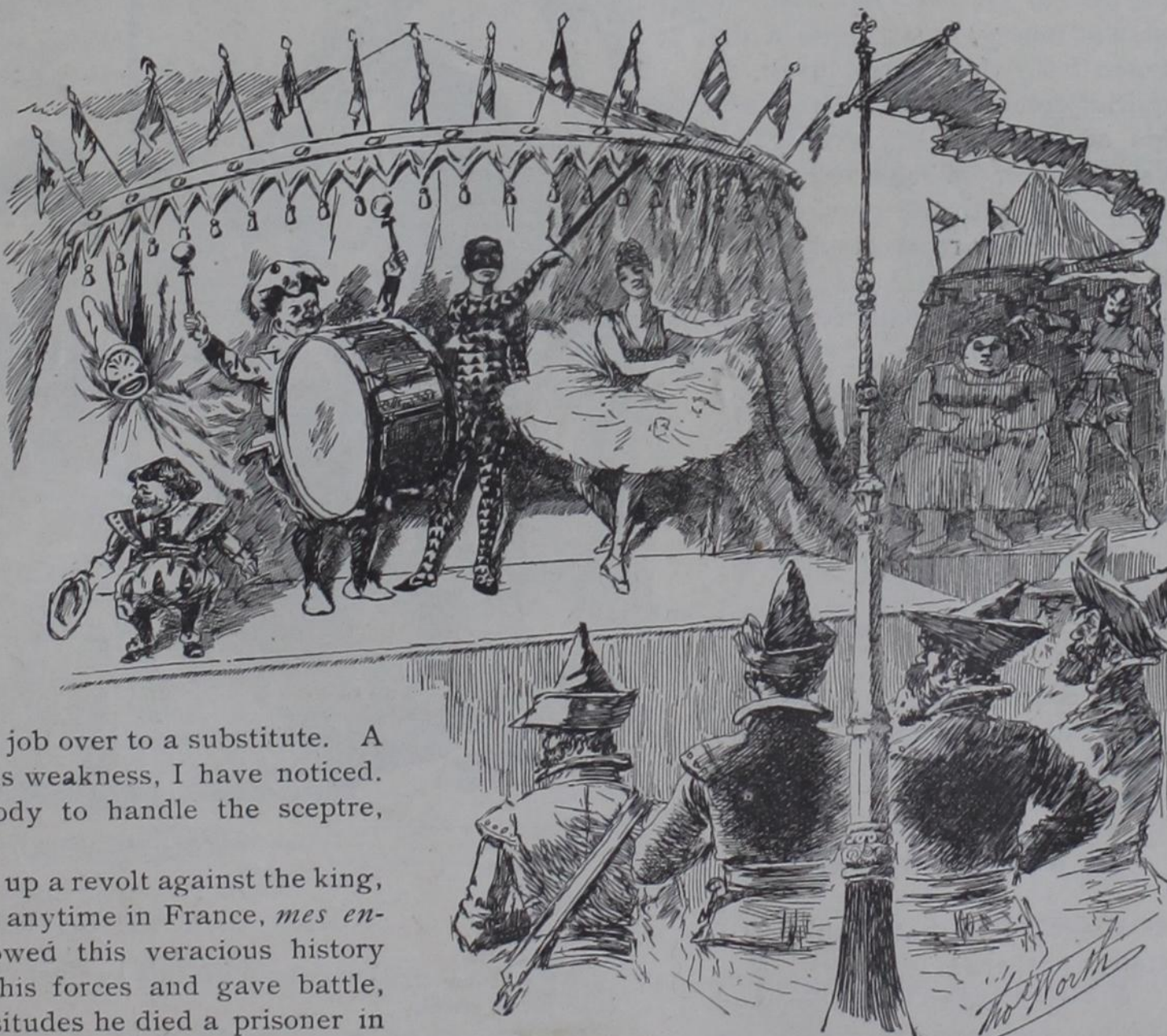
A RECKLESS MAN.

C.—Where are you going?

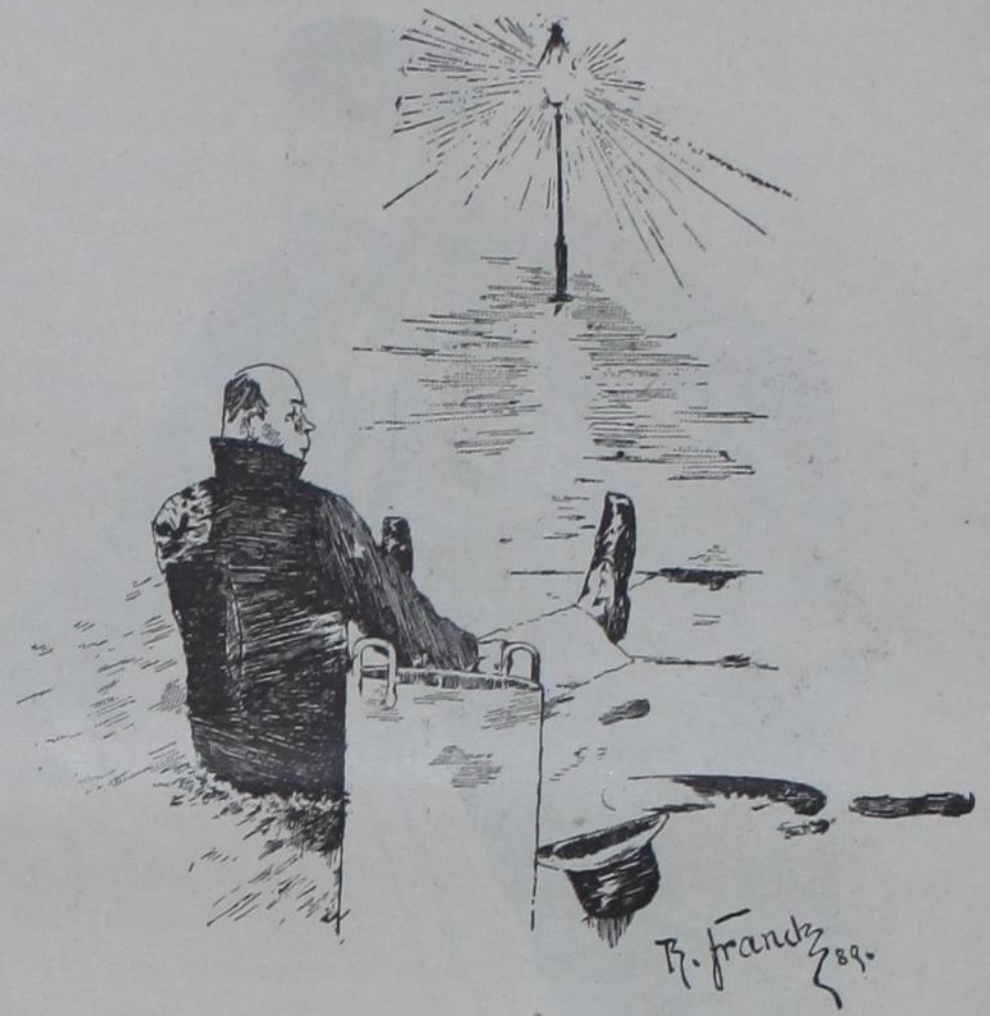
D.—Going to take a bath.

You don't say so! Well, that shows that the days of miracles are not over yet.

O, I take a bath every year, no matter whether I really need it or not.



Vikings Taking in the Sights of Paris.



HIDDEN DANGERS.

Now in the bracing winter night
He briskly walks with face aglow,
His heels slip on the coal-hole cover,
And he lies sprawling in the snow.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE FLEA.

This is a small animal, but mighty industrious. It has no settled place of abode. Like the Arab, it is a nomad. It has a seeming preference, however, and that preference is in favor of the yellow dog. Why this is so is immaterial.

The flea is a great jumper. It can ride along on the back of its favorite dog, and should you be five feet away, with one bound it can clear the distance and alight on your coat collar, then with a dexterous hand-spring it drops down behind your collar and is lost to sight. It is an old saying that "a thing must be seen to be appreciated." It is not so with the flea. If it was, the flea is so small that it would never be appreciated. "A man is known by his works," so is a flea. You look at the delicate tracery in the sculptured marble shaft; that is a man's work. All at once you feel an excruciating bite in the middle of the back; that is a flea's work. It is easy to tell what's biting you.

Of course the flea is carnivorous, but it never kills its prey. It bites out what it wants and leaves its victim to suffer. It never takes two bites in the same place. It leaps merrily from one spot to another, browsing as it goes, its agility saving it from instant death in many cases.

The humble little flea teaches us to exercise patience under the most trying circumstances, and not to despise small things. It is not the easiest thing in the world to smile and look pleasant, and chat vivaciously, while a flea is doing just as it pleases on your spine. Then is when you feel that you were not built right.

E. R. C.

A CONSIDERATE DEBTOR.

Collector—When are you going to pay this bill? I can't be coming here every day in the week.

Debtor—Well, what day could you come on, conveniently?

I could call on Saturday.

All right; from now on I shall expect you every Saturday.

"ANOTHER THING, YE KNOW."

English Snob—Why do you go around with a dawg? I hate a dawg, doncher know.

American Dude—But not that dawg. You should love that dawg. His mother was owned by 'is royal 'ighness.

English Snob—Aw, noble bwute! Do you mind if I pat him on the 'ed?

A HUNGRY MAN.

Gilhooly—I walked fifteen miles yesterday.

McGinnis—That's a great deal of exercise. Ain't you overdoing it?

Gilhooly—O, no; I had to get up a ravenous appetite. My wife cocked for the first time.

A man's brow may be lined with thought, and yet the lining not be very thick.



THE CZAR'S GAME OF BILLIARDS.

He plays on Turkey to put her in the hole, intending to carom on England, Germany, Austria and Italy, which are close together. Will the shot win the game?

"WATCH MEETIN'."

BREDERIN AND SISTERN:—Dis might we celebrate de obsequies ob de ole yeah. It may be dat befo' we jine agin in dese exercises, some ob dis congregation may be called on to tend dey own obsequies. Dat am a solum proposition, but it is one ob dem same propositions dat dar ain' no use tryin' to 'scape from; black an' white, rich an' po' all got to put on equality an' immortality. In a few houahs we'll tie up its jaws an' lay him in de tomb, soon to be forgot. Dat am sad but dat am true. Brederin, dis am de 'casion fer inflection on all de backslidin's dat's been backslid durin' de year. Some ob you has had de horn ob plenty hung 'roun' yo' necks, de oil ob joy po'ed on yo' heads an' de cup ob pleasure held to yo' lips; an' some has drank de cup ob sorrow, been drenched wid tribulation, drownt with care, nipped wid hunger, snowed under wid debts an' de stream ob adversity poured down dey backs. Some has bin in jail an' some's desared to be an' wusn't. Some's been married and some wants to be—some's bin divorced an' mo' would be ef dey could pay de lawyer; some's gone to torment, an' mo's gwine ef dey don' pay heed to whut I'm sayin'. I want de sistah dat feels her trials has bin de hardes' to bear wid to open de exahcises by givin' dese lambs an' kids de benefit ob her 'sperience darin' dis yeah. Please give Sistah Jane de strickest' 'tention while she orates.

[Sister Jane speaks.]

"My Deah Young Frien's:—Dis night one yeah ago I wuz livin' in de mad whurl ob s'ciety—'toxicated wid frivolity, fascinated wid pleasure, and dilapidated wid dissipation. At dis very houah I wuz settin' slicin' cole pig an' frostin' cake 'paratory to receivin' New Yeah's callers; but dis yeah I foun' a higher invocation dan slicin' pig an' frostin' cake. Deed 'n I don't never 'low to keep open house agin ef de Lawd will guv me de strengf to keep de do' shet. I considers it a discrimination ob de new bo'n year, an' wuss dan dat it's outen de style. Nobody but de poor white trash keeps up de custom—de quality fokes takes deysef's to de club. It's one ob de debbil's own constitutions fer trappin' de young men, an' de young men ain' de only ones dat gets trapped. Look at my Sally, dat I raised fitten to be de Presiden's wife, slavin' day an' night to guv her de 'vantages necessary to make a lady outen her—elocation lesson an' Turkish baths, an' sendin' her to de rink ebry night—all dem 'complishments an' my money throwed away on a yaller nigger. Frum de minnit she sot eyes on dat kyard—'Toby Jones, Tonsorial Artis', her heart wus in a flutter. She 'lowed dat de dream ob her life wus to unite her destination wid dat ob a per-fessional man. I 'speck she hearn dat at de museum, but she done quit settin' 'roun' dreamin' now. She don' hab time fer dat an' git through wid three washin's a week. Dat nigger drove up lookin' lak he owned de

earf: he didn' own de barber's pole outsiden de do'; dat wus rented. I spec' he stole de little yaller dog dat follers him. De only time dat nigger tole de trufe in all his life wus when he said dat soon as he wus married he would retire frum business, an' he kep' his word. All dat cums frum New Yeah's callin'. I brung dem yuther two gals along wid me, an' I'm gwineter keep 'em down on dey knees

man for a husband, he has failed in his business enterprises.

THE BITER BIT.

Monsieur Calino is a practical humorist. Not long since he was caught in a shower without an umbrella. He sought refuge under the doorway of the Opera House. It was six o'clock, and he had an appointment with a friend at the Café de Paris at that very hour. What will he do? The rain was falling in torrents. Just at this crisis a gentleman with a large umbrella passes. Calino has a Napoleonic mind.

He rushed over to the stranger, and taking him confidentially by the arm walked along with him, under his umbrella, saying:

"I'm glad I've met you. I've been looking for you for three weeks, old chum, to tell you about my affair with Clemantina."

Calino kept on talking to the man whom he had never seen, telling a trumped-up story about some unknown Clemantina, not allowing the stranger to get in a word, until they had reached the Café de Paris.

Then Calino said:

"I beg ten thousand pardons. I mistook you for a friend. Don't give me away. Thanks," and he darted into the café. One of his friends observed that Calino's cravat was in disorder, whereupon it was discovered that his diamond pin, likewise his watch and purse were missing.

He had been confidential to one of the most expert pickpockets in Paris.

HIS PROFESSION.

A.—I'm going to have that sleeping-car porter arrested.

B.—What for?

I'm satisfied he robbed me last night.

Well, what else do you suppose he is here for? You surely can't have traveled much.

TALK ON THE CARS.

C.—Taking it altogether, this has been a remarkably mild winter.

D.—Not to me. It has been the coldest winter I have ever experienced. I'm a plumber.

E.—I wonder what makes Dudely say that neckties are going out of fashion?

F.—I don't know; but I guess he has taken his diamond collar-button out of pawn.

RETIRE EARLY.

SANITARY ITEM.

In some parts of Texas the people live to be very old. An old man of ninety, living quite a distance from the nearest town, requiring some family groceries, sent his son, a man of seventy odd years of age. When the son failed to show up with the provisions on time his father reproached himself by saying:

"That's what comes from sending a kid."

A CONSCIENTIOUS CRIMINAL.

Inspector Byrnes—You admit that you committed this burglary?

Prisoner—Certainly; there's no use denying it, Cap.

Was Red Leary with you in this job?

Of course not; I broke with him years ago. I never have anything to do with a man who is not honest.

NO WONDER HE FAILED.

E.—Who is that shabby little man over there?

F.—He used to be in the poultry business and very rich, but since he gave his daughter half a million to buy a foreign noble-



A MAN CAN BE SO MEAN.

WIFE (with toothache)—With this swelled face I won't be able to talk for a week.

HUSBAND (sotto voce)—That will give me a rest.

WIFE—What?

HUSBAND (aloud)—I say rest is the best thing for you.



HE editor sat in his office cold,
Whence all but him had fled,
He wished that every last dead-beat
Was in his grave—stone dead.

His mind then wandered far away
To the time when he should die,
And his loyal editorial soul
Go scooting to the sky.

When he'd roam the fields of Paradise
And sail o'er jasper seas;
And all things glorious should combine

His every sense to please.

He thought how then he'd look across
The great gulf, dark and drear,
That yawned between his happy soul
And those who swindled him here.

And when for water to him they call,
An in agony they caper,
He'd shout to them: "Just moisten
your tongue
With the 'due' that was on your
paper."

J. W. BURGESS, Editor Dansville Breeze.

HOW SPENCE REFORMED.

The other day a man registered at a Waco, Texas, hotel.

"So you are from Tombstone, Arizona," remarked the Waco hotel clerk to the newly arrived guest, after looking at the register.

"Yes, I've lived in Tombstone for the last ten years," replied the other party.

"I had a friend who went to Arizona about five years ago, and I've not heard anything of him for about four years."

"What was his name?"

"His name was Spencer Dickenson. He was born and raised here in Waco. He was a pretty wild boy."

"O, yes, I've met him. He came to our town about four years ago."

"Is he there yet?"

"O, yes, he is there yet."

"He is a pretty lively boy, ain't he?" asked the hotel clerk.

"No, I don't think you can call him that," replied the man from Tombstone.

"Well, I don't suppose you folks in a frontier town consider him lively, but here in Waco we used to regard him as a sort of Hades on wheels with a sulphur pot hung on the singletree. Don't he ride his horse into saloons and shoot out the lights?"

"Not a bit of it. There ain't a quieter man in all the town than Spence."

"Then he don't split the town wide open every time he gets on a drunk?"

"He never gets drunk any more."

"You don't tell me that?"

"Yes, I do tell you that, for I know what I am talking about."

"Has he given up getting into scrapes about other men's wives? If Spence has gone out of the gay Lothario business I'm prepared to hear that he has joined the church and is preaching the gospel."

"He is not preaching the gospel, but his name is never mixed up in any social scandals."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that Spence has become a quiet citizen. I often predicted that he would reform if he ever got rid of his associates here in Waco. What business is Spence in now?"

"He is in the real estate business."

"Has he been in it long?"

"Yes, he went into the real estate business permanently two days after he arrived in Tombstone. You see the day after Spence got there, he took to cutting up so that the citizens just took him out and hung him, and he has been in the real estate business ever since. Quiet? Well I should say he was quiet. Yes, I'll go with you and take a drink."

HIS DEATH WAS TRANQUIL.

"I am dying," gasped the burglar.

He had been shot while engaged in a predatory act.

"Have you any friends?" asked the policeman.

"I have, indeed; one very near to me—my Jimmy."

"Your son?"

"No. This," pointing to the tool whereby he had gained access to the house.

The faint smile which flickered upon his pallid features was instantly superseded by a look of intense longing. "I had forgotten," he whispered feebly, "there is another. Would that I could gaze upon his face once more before I die."

"I'll send for him, if I can," said the kind-hearted cop. "Who is he?"

With a luminous look of content the dying burglar articulated with his last gasp, "McGinty."

"Thank heaven, I killed him!" murmured the policeman fervently.

DENTAL NOTE.

Stranger—Where does that new dentist have his office?

Policeman—You mean the one who pulls teeth without pain?

Stranger—Yes.

Policemen—Go right around the corner. You will have no trouble finding his office. You can hear his patients yell half a block away.

First New Yorker—I am going to have this grippe, or dengue fever.

Second New Yorker—How do you know you are going to have it?

First New Yorker—I feel it in my bones.



AGE NO OBJECTION.

SOLOMON ISAACS—You want to marry one of my daughters? Well, de youngest gets \$10,000, de second youngest \$15,000, and de oldest gets \$20,000.

KEY SILVERSTONE—Haven't you got somedings vat vas very valuable—apout \$50,000 old?

LITTLE COURTESIES.

BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

Don't cut off your leg to cure your corns.

Twins are like troubles, they never come singly.

You can drive tacks without using a pile-driver.

Any man can carry a revolver. Few can use it.

It takes a good liar to catch other people fibbing.

Better play a jews'-harp well, than a violin poorly.

Don't jump too hard when anybody is boosting you.

Hold up your head, even if you are sitting in the mud.

There's no need of buying a typewriter to write one letter.

It's easy to break your neck trying to look over your own head.

The World's Fair enough to know that it must come to New York.

Even a king scratches his own nose when it itches. Help yourself.

It's a foolish man who doesn't know enough to fall down when he slips.

A slow shilling is better than a nimble sixpence to have in your pocket.

There is only one way to be born, but there are fifty thousand ways to die.

Millionaires are the only people who can afford to be mean. We call them prudent.

Nobody really hates an egotist, except another egotist. Other people are only bored.

Laugh and grow fat. If you don't want to grow fat, laugh anyhow. It's just as easy as crying, and a heap more comfortable.

It isn't necessary to belong to any particular church, or to either political party, in order to learn how to fish, or how to lie about what you catch.

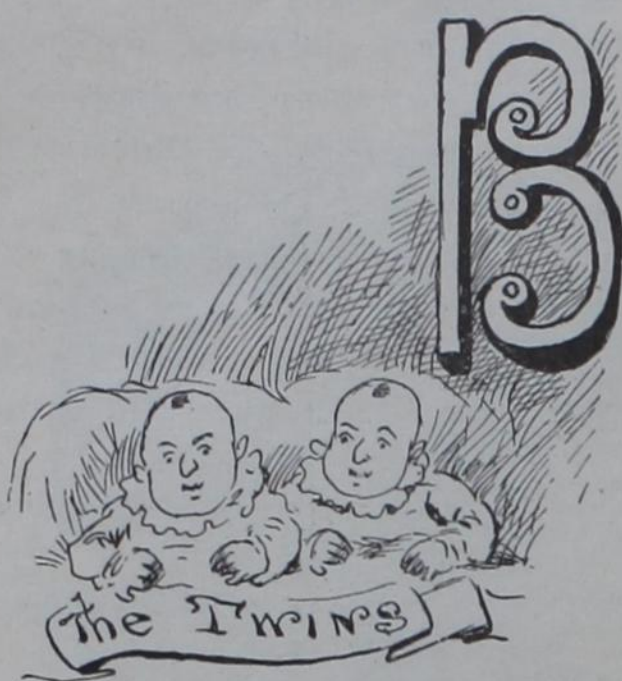
Rotation in office has at last been officially declared to be the municipal policy of our city government. Mayor Grant says that the tenure of the Commissioner of Street Cleaning will hereafter depend upon his keeping the streets clean. If this policy is adhered to, no citizen need despair of holding office.

A fact. A man in hard luck once tossed up his last five-cent piece to see whether he should ride up town, or buy a flower to put in his button-hole. He bought the flower and walked. On the way he met a friend, talked business, made a contract on the spot and made a fortune out of it in two years. Moral: Walk!

No matter how ugly a nose may be, its imperfections are overlooked by its owner.

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



ON HIM—BILL SNORT STILL PURSUED BY HIS EVIL GENIUS—
HIS CAREER AS A POLITICIAN—SNORT'S CONFEDERATE RECORD, AND HOW HE CAME VERY NEAR BEING SHOT AS A SPY.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—I have been in a very bad humor for several days. I recently received a letter from my friend Ed. R. Pritchard, of Chicago, the noted writer of poetry and sketches, from which letter I extract the following:

"I notice that the bill-boards of this city are plastered over with the most wonderfully lifelike pictures of Col. Bill Snort, the well-known Texas editor and politician. He is billed under the name Col. J. H. W. K. Budd, and is the star in a play called *A Chase for a Wife*, now being played at the Standard Theatre. The pictures are exact reproductions of Col. Bill Snort, as I have so often seen them in *TEXAS SIFTINGS*. Of course, everybody here is on to him, but we are wondering why he travels under an assumed name."

This is all Pritchard writes, but it is enough. The idea that I should be accused of bumming over the country under an assumed name in a snide theatrical company exasperates me more than I can tell. I feel mad enough to beat a carpet or cane a chair.

Confidentially, Johnny, I am very much afraid that it is my disreputable twin brother, Sam Snort. He is the skeleton in the Snort family closet, and a very lively skeleton he is. We were so much alike as boys that our own mother used to lick me for Sam and give Sam bread with jam on it which was intended for me.

It was the old story of Abel and Cain. Then, as now, I was thoroughly good. While Sam was off robbing hen-roosts and orchards I was at home studying my Sunday-school lesson. Finally Sam went off with a circus that passed through the town, and that was the last I heard of him for many years.

Our parents died and I inherited all the property. I turned it into cash and moved West. I settled down in a Western city. I had become converted at a revival and had joined the ministry. The Reverend Bill Snort was the Sam Jones of that day. In fact, Sam Jones is right now copying my style. Rev. Bill Snort was the first one to chew up Satan and spit him out bloody. I made lots of money. People rode forty miles in wagons without springs over rough roads, just to see Bill Snort twist Satan's tail and wipe up the floor with him. I



Sam Snort Threatens Rev. Bill Snort.

RINGS OUT THE SKELETON IN THE SNORT FAMILY—BILL SNORT'S DEPRAVED TWIN BROTHER—REV. BILL SNORT'S CLERICAL CAREER CUT SHORT BY HIS WICKED BROTHER—THE ONLY WOMAN BILL SNORT EVER

LOVED GOES BACK

was also engaged to the handsomest and richest young lady in the city, who loved me for myself alone.

Just at this crisis, Satan put it into the head of my vagabond twin brother Sam to hunt me up. He called on me after dark one night. He looked tougher than ever. He said that I had swindled him out of his share of our father's estate, and he wanted me to give him his share. Poor deluded creature. I told him I could not do that, as he would probably spend it in riotous living, and I warned him of the wrath to come. I urged him to repent and lead a new life.

My twin brother called me a whited sepulchre, etc., etc., and left me breathing forth curses. I advised him to go and soak his head.

Not long after this I noticed that some of my friends smiled peculiarly when we met. Others did not meet me at all. They crossed over to the other side of the street to avoid me. When I called upon my affianced bride—when I sought to press her to my bosom, she flew at me like a tiger, calling me a wolf in sheep's clothing and other harsh names. There was fire enough in her eye to start a conflagration. As I could hear her pa ramming an extra load of buckshot into a



Begone, vile wretch!

shot-gun, and as he was a little careless anyway in handling firearms, I left the house indignantly.

Next day I learned to my surprise that I had been seen in a buggy with a notorious female driving through the principal streets of the city. Then I caught on. My bad twin brother, Sam Snort, taking advantage of our facial resemblance, was playing me a mean, dirty trick. Everybody believed that I was guilty. I explained that I had a bad twin brother, but my statement was regarded as a brilliant stroke of mendacity, particularly as I could not produce the twin. He had maliciously disappeared. To avoid being ridden out of town on a rail, I left during the night.

I went further west, and settled down in another city. I gave up the religious racket entirely. I had lost all faith in divine Providence. I said to myself:

"If there is an all-wise Providence, why did not something happen to my twin brother? Why was he not fatally kicked by a mule, so that I could keep on snatching brands from the burning?"

I went into politics, and soon became a favorite with all classes and nationalities. I was nominated for Congress. Just at this crisis up bobs serenely my twin brother again, more ragged and depraved than ever. Once more he demanded blood money. It is one of my principles never to use money to pay debts, just or unjust. Once more Sam went off, promising that I should hear from him.

I began to canvass my district. To my horror I discovered that the voters were bitterly hostile. The German voters asserted that I had recently made a speech in which I denounced them as the beer-drinking scum of creation. It was evident Sam had been tampering with my constituency. The minds of the Irish and Jewish voters had also been poisoned. I was denounced

as a demagogue on every hand, and advised to skeddaddle.

In despair I fled to Texas. The war was just about to break out. I joined a band of men as desperate as myself, and went to the front. It was not long before the very name of Snort Ranger was a terror to farmers who had poultry or buttermilk, etc. We fought gallantly to gain the independence of the South, but in vain.

Once during the war Sam got in some more work on me. I was arrested in Tennessee by order of Gen. Bragg, and condemned to be shot as a spy. A refugee from inside the Federal lines swore he saw me in a Federal uniform at Gen. Rosencrans' headquarters. It was no doubt my dear brother Sam Snort whom he saw. Fortunately, at the last moment, I was able to prove an *alibi*. I proved that at the time I was said to have been seen at Gen. Rosencrans' headquarters I was inside the Confederate lines killing a farmer's hog. Dan McGary, now editor of the *Houston, Texas, Age*, and one of the most reliable citizens of that city, who helped me skin the hog, established my innocence.

And now, after more than a quarter of a century of silence, Sam Snort once more bobs up serenely in Chicago as a snide actor under the *alias* of Col. J. H. W. K. Budd. I have been hoping all these years that Sam was dead, and had gone to his reward, but it seems that the devil has not got his own yet.

Very likely he will turn up here in Washington and try his old game on me. If he does I'll shoot him. That's all.

I am not feeling well. Good-bye, Johnny.
BILL SNORT.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mrs. Jones—You know that Peters girl who was engaged to be married to your husband?

Mrs. Smith—Yes, she married a man named Fowler.

Mrs. Jones—Well, she has turned out a perfect virago. She fights with her husband, and beats her children every day.

Mrs. Smith (looking at her dear children)—My poor children, what would become of you if that woman was your mother?

A NEW VERSION.

Teacher—Tommy, what did our Savior mean when he said to Peter: "From henceforth thou shalt catch men?"

Tommy—I suppose he meant Peter was going to be a policeman.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Judge—The prisoner denies having created any disturbance as stated by you.

Indignant Witness (a night watchman)—But, Your Honor, if he didn't raise the biggest kind of a disturbance, how the mischief did I come to wake up?

Village Landlord—As the proprietor of this house I insist that you shall make less noise.

Stranger—Call this a house? Nice house this is! When the cat sits on the roof her tail drags on the ground.



HEART TROUBLES.

BIRDIE MCGINNIS—So he has proposed at last?

ESMERELDA LONGCOFFIN—Yes, indeed.

Did you maintain your presence of mind?

No, I didn't. I got so scared and my heart palpitated so loud that twice he stopped in the middle of his declaration, and, looking at the door, said "come in." He thought somebody had knocked.

RATHER TOUGH.

Would-be Tenant—
I like the house, but I
can't rent a house with
a carpet-beating estab-
lishment next door.

Owner — My dear
sir, there is no carpet-
beating establishment
within ten blocks.

Then it is a boiler
factory, or a cooper
shop.

Nothing of the kind
in the neighborhood, I
assure you.

Then what is all
that pounding?

There is a board-
ing-house next door, and
the cook is probably
preparing the steak for
dinner.

CIRCUMSTANCES
ALTER CASES.

First Neighbor—
Why did you shoot my
dog?

Second Neighbor—
Because he tried to
bite me.

You need not have
shot him. You could
have pushed him off
with the butt-end of
your gun.

Well, if your dog
wanted to be shoved
with the butt-end of
my gun he should have
come at me tail-end
first.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A.—Dr. Schmidt is
one of the best men I
ever saw. He never
misses being in his
pew on Sunday.

B.—It won't do him
any good. He will
never get to heaven, no
matter how much he
runs to church.

Why not?

Because there is no
death there. What is
there for doctors to
do?

IMPORTANT TO
CLERKS.

Clerk—I want three
days off in order to get
married.



AN INSULT.

GUEST—I gave my order an hour ago. Waiter,
what does this mean?

DIGNIFIED PARTY—That's an insult, sir. I'm
no waiter.

What are you here for, then?

To see that the guests are promptly served.



THE BOSS POLITICIAN.

What luck some people have in life!
McNulty may be clever,
Yet meet with poverty and strife
In spite of all endeavor.
While Michael Cassidy, his friend,
Devoid of brains or reason,
In politics his time will spend
Admired thro' every season.

Behold Mike Cassidy quite proud
Strut on the street so boldly,
With every dignity endowed
He treats his fellows coldly.
His equals look with envy at
The upstart politician,
Whose well-cut clothes and shiny hat
Proclaim his high position.

The Harlem ladies gaze on him
With sincere admiration;
Conceit has filled him to the brim
With pleasure and elation.
Susceptible to ladies' smiles
He takes their greetings coolly,
Their recognition oft beguiles
His business worries truly.

With empty head and pockets full
Mike Cassidy is walking,
He knows that he has got a pull
On people when he's talking.
The very street boys recognize
His powerful position,
And those marks which characterize
An Irish Politician.

J. S. G.

Boss—You do, eh? Not long since you were laid up
three days with the grip. Why didn't you get married
while you had the grip? Or, if you couldn't do that,
why didn't you put off having the grip until you got
married, and make one vacation answer both pur-
poses?

he don't have as much profit as I have. You must take
that into consideration.

A SWELL AFFAIR.

First Dude—Were you at Ward McAllister's ball?

Second Dude—I was, old chappie.

Swell affair, wasn't it?

Yes, it was a swell affair, but it did not compare
with my head the next morning.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

Exasperated Wife—I want you to have that dog of
ours shot. He annoys people with his growling.

Husband—That's no good reason for shooting him.
If it was you wouldn't stand much show for your life.

COLORS ARITHMETIC.

Northern Gentleman—Have you any children?

Southern Negress—Indeed I has, boss, ten ob 'em—
five boys and seven gals.

A MODEL PARK
POLICEMAN.

Stern Policeman
—Don't you know
that pulling flowers
is prohibited here
by a heavy penalty,
and that it is my
duty to arrest you?

Dude—But, me
deah fellah, I've
only plucked a single
flower.

Policeman — I'll
tell you what, young
feller; you hand me
over a dollar and
you can pull up the
bush by the roots if
you want to.

HE KNEW THE
ROPES.

Principal—So
you want to leave
me and go into busi-
ness for yourself.

Clerk—Yes, sir.
But you have
hardly had sufficient
experience.

Not had sufficient
experience? Haven't
I gone through two
bankruptcies with
you? I don't think
I've got much more
to learn.

A LUCKY MAN.

Brown—Does
your wife cook?

Robinson — Yes,
she attends to the
cooking herself.

Can you eat it?

No, and I don't
want to. She writes
poetry between
meals, so I don't
have any appetite,
anyhow.

A MITIGATING
CIRCUMSTANCE.

Customer — You
charge too much for
your meat. You
charge fifty cents
for your beefsteaks,
while your rival over
the way only asks a
quarter.

Butcher—Maybe
so, but then you see



NEW JERSEY CRADLE HYMN.

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels hover near thee."

WATTS.



From Harper's Weekly.

I.

Where the foot-hills of Greytown slope to the high-road there is a wild and tangled chaparral that borders a quiet pond. Above, the clifty heights seem to mock the crimson and amber of the sunsets, and send weird shadows to dance and beckon in the vale below. When the moon rises, the gray Spanish-moss that festoons every live-oak and pecan in the vicinity of the water sways sylph-like in the wind, and adds its silvern mysteries to the general enchantment. Even at high noon the spot has its fascination. A delightful coolness lingers beneath its shady canopies, and delicate odors drowse in its twilight aisles. Blue lupins and wild verbenas hold the air breathless. Sometimes the antlered head of a deer is glimpsed for an instant in its dim vistas, or the startled note of a wild turkey, calling its comrades, wakes its woodland echoes. And in the spring-time, at all hours, mocking-birds cleave its inner recesses, make love and wanton in the sunbeams, or, mad with moonlight and melody, fill the air with their wild epithalamia.

Late one afternoon in April, Mr. Isaac Mosely, sheriff of Oskalo, foot-sore and weary with his journey over the hills, came suddenly upon this sylvan bower. As he plunged down the declivity and into the chaparral at its foot, the dim twilight at first blinded him. Breathless with haste and fatigue, he threw himself on the soft turf until his eyes should become used to their surroundings. Afar a faint sound, as of a girl singing-pulsed through the stillness. He listened. Gradually objects began to take shape in the obscurity. He perceived that, while the way on either side of him was impassable from the thick growth of cat's-clays and underbrush, a natural pathway, like a narrow avenue, led before him among the tree-trunks. Here and there a pencil of rays from the declining sun shot through the shadow. He sniffed the air eagerly, thinking he detected the smell of smoke, and his consequent proximity to some dwelling. Suddenly he sat up abruptly.

Something was certainly moving among the trees some distance ahead of him. In the half-light of the interior, Mosely thought it was a girl, but, if so, she was bareheaded, and so fantastically arrayed that indecision as to sex was pardonable. There was a grace and litheness of movement about the figure that suggested the gentler sex—a resemblance that was counteracted by its swiftness and celerity of step. A small animal with arched back and pointed ears lumbered along before her, stopping at every turn to examine the earth curiously. It was like a miniature bear in its movements. The sheriff sprang suddenly to his feet and called after the retreating figure. At the sound it halted, cast a brief, startled glance behind it,

and at once dashed away among the tree trunks with the speed of a frightened fawn. The animal, which had also stopped, started after with frantic leaps. The sheriff threw aside the pack which encumbered his shoulders and joined, at the top of his speed, in the pursuit. As he ran he realized at once that the figure he pursued was fleet of foot, and unquestionably a woman. He had taken but a few steps when he passed a ribbon caught on a thorny bush. He tore it from its fastening as he bounded by. He could hear the figure running ahead of him, and as he burst through a small clump of underbrush he caught sight of a fluttering skirt just vanishing among the shadowy trunks beyond. He called again, but apparently only with the result of increasing the speed of the fugitive. Catching his breath, he sprang across the opening and into a dim covert, but was almost instantly hurled to the ground by violent collision with a neighboring tree trunk. His smitten hands carried down with him in the fall a portion of the bark.

For some moments Mosely lay bruised and stunned at the foot of the tree. He was quite out of breath, and to add to his chagrin, his face was bleeding. He put up his hand and found that the blood was slowly trickling from a small scalp wound, and imperiling his blond hair and beard. As he withdrew his hand it struck with some force against the adjacent tree trunk. The blow sounded hollow, although it barked his knuckles. What was that? Surely he heard from the depths of the interior a smothered laugh. With a mystified sense of discomfiture he staggered to his feet and leaned against the tree. His attention was attracted to the piece of bark which he still clutched in his fingers. He examined it attentively. His mind reverted to an ancient legend among the desultory reading of his boyhood—Apollo's futile pursuit of the wood nymph Daphne. He laughed aloud at the thought, and involuntarily thrust the scrap of bark in the bosom of his shirt. Barring the blood and grime of his mishap, Apollo himself might have smiled at the analogy. At this moment he heard a harsh rattling against the bark of the tree, and immediately after was startled by a strange animal that collided with him and ran swiftly up the trunk. It came to a halt in a near crotch. Mosely stepped back and scrutinized it keenly. It was a tame raccoon.

There was something so whimsical in the appearance of the creature that the sheriff regarded it with interest. Its mischievous eyes stared intently at the intruder, and it kept up a peculiar cat-like motion with its claws as it crouched upon the limb, and alternately moved backward and forward in its excitement. With its erect, fox-like ears, sharp muzzle, and ringed tail, it was altogether so droll an object that Mosely was instantly filled with a desire to dislodge it. He stooped and picked up a fragment of bark. He was about to throw this, when he noticed that a small chain which depended from a collar upon the animal's neck had become caught about the limb, and probably accounted for the eccentricity of its movements. Stepping at once upon a gnarled root of the giant tree, he, with some difficulty, disentangled this. Then by dint of force and coaxing he finally succeeded in dragging the reluctant animal from its perch. The coon resisted with sprawling limbs and a peevish growl that delighted Mosely.

Once safe upon *terra firma*, the animal became so suddenly frisky and demonstrative that its captor was fain to hurry with it to some distance until it should cease from its gambols. It did not do so until, tugging violently at its chain, it had withdrawn him into a neighboring thicket. Here the cause of its haste was instantly apparent. A tall bee tree, which had been despoiled of its store of sweets with evident labor, revealed the origin of the smoke which he had noticed on first entering the chaparral. A fire still smouldered at the foot of the tree, and the blackened shaft and buzzing of a few angry bees showed the means employed in the recent robbery. A number of honey-combs, rudely torn from the wild hive, still littered the ground. The coon eagerly attacked the nearest of these, smearing face and muzzle with the liquid honey. Mosely stooped and patted the head of the greedy rascal. He ran his fingers through the long fur of its neck, revealing the hidden collar. It was garnished with a silver plate. The inscription was barely perceptible in that dim light—"Tommy Dodd." The sheriff smiled as he reflected that this was possibly the youngest member of a family of Dodds living in the neighborhood.

The thought caused him to turn and peer through the thicket. He was just in time to see the young woman who had eluded him step stealthily from the side of the tree he had just quitted. The sheriff gave a sudden start of surprise and recognition. He caught a glimpse of a slight but graceful figure standing still for an instant in a sunlit opening of the woods, with one softly curved arm lifted to avert the dazzling rays of the setting sun. Her abundant brown hair, escaping from its simple Grecian knot, tossed on her supple shoulders. She gazed curiously about her, and then sprang suddenly into the woods. So fleet was the apparition she might have been some dryad of the grove. With a strange thrill in his pulses, Mosely slowly retraced his steps, dragging behind him the reluctant coon. "I might have called Edith again," he muttered; "but if I had, it's ten to one she'd have stampeded. I reckon she don't recognize me in this get-up." With this reflection he reached the tree. A strip of hanging bark, rudely torn aside from a wide opening in the hollow trunk, revealed the cause of his former discomfiture. Breathless between awe and admiration, the sheriff stooped and gazed within. The dim interior was half filled with Spanish-moss, and was still redolent of its late occupant. A vague spicy perfume hung in the air that thrilled him and set his heart to beating. A few dog-eared, paper-covered novels, and a broken hand-mirror, thrown carelessly in a corner, seemed to indicate that this was no chance retreat of its owner. Yielding to the subtle influence that filled him, the young man squeezed himself through the aperture, and flung himself upon the soft mosses with a half-articulate sigh.

II.

The moon was high over Lone Mountain when Miss Edith Fentriss reached home, flushed and panting, from her late adventure in the woods. Not being altogether certain what welcome she would receive from the elder Fentriss, whose temper, like that of most disobeyed fathers, was erratic and uncertain, she lingered for a moment before entering the paternal dwelling. Its pretty outline and pretentious elegance were enhanced in the gracious moonlight. But the heavy tread of her father, and the ominous slamming of a door within, curbed her æsthetic considerations for the nonce, and she slipped into the shadow of its many gables, and retreating to an entrance in the rear, vanished from view. Removing her shoes in the hallway with a nervous haste that imperilled the buttons, the young lady ran softly up a short stairway and reached in safety the security of her own bedroom. Here, without further ceremony she straightway began to disrobe, and then, evidently embarrassed by the obtrusive moon, suddenly desisted, and with a panic of dishevelled tresses and dimpled shoulders, dashed across the apartment and drew the white curtains together. But here she was apparently held in breathless fascination by the beauty of the landscape without.

The broad valley lay as if stricken mute in the light of the ivory moon. The outlines of trees, bushes, grazing cattle, and the circumambient hills were revealed with the distinctness of day. Across this picture the shadows of drifting clouds trailed with a tremulous play of light and shade. It was undeniably a lovely night, but Miss Edith was too alive to its loveliness to fail to notice a small erect figure leaning against a neighboring live-oak, and gazing up at her window with rapt devotion.

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Miss Fentriss was used to admiration of a very frank and demonstrative kind, but there was something in this moonlight madness which was romantic and touching. Nothing but her dishabille at the moment prevented her recognition of it. She at first thought of dressing again, but after a glance at her relinquished attire, and a recollection of her indignant parent below, she abandoned the idea. With a heightened color and a delicious womanly sense of her own fascinations, she stole away from the window—a mere lissome shadow in that dim light—and sank upon a chair before her mirror, resting her elbows upon the bureau cover. The envious moon slipped through the suddenly parted curtains, and bathed in mellow radiance the soft curves of her charming figure. She sighed gently to herself, and by a rapid movement brought the whole wealth of her brown hair tumbling down upon her shoulders. Half hidden in its profusion, she inspected herself carefully in that idealizing light. How bright her eyes



His shout only increased the speed of the fugitive.

were! and what a war of roses mingled in her cheeks! As she took up a large comb and began the mysteries of her evening toilet, Miss Edith could not but sympathize with the statuesque cavalier who testified to her attractions without.

She was surprised by a knock at the door and an immediate attempt to open it. She had barely time to shriek for delay and spring into bed when the elder Fentriss entered, wrath in his eye, and dragging by its confining chain the fugitive 'coon. The latter sat up and rubbed his whiskers shamefacedly. Mr. Fentriss—who was apparently in demi-toilet, which he had attempted to complete by wrapping a great bear-skin about his shoulders, until he looked like a giant specimen of the droll animal at his side—met the indignant black eyes of his daughter with apologetic warmth. These were all that was visible of the young lady herself, who maintained a discreet silence, hidden to her eyelids beneath the bed-quilts. Mr. Fentriss coughed embarrassedly and looked down at his boots.

"Been in the 'Shadder Woods' agin?" he finally said, as if eliciting information.

No reply.

"Hev'n't I told you, sis, that there were foot-pads in them woods?"

Sis was still silent.

The paternal Fentriss, seeing that his overtures met with no success, broke forth in peevish complaint.

"Jest ez I reckoned," he sighed, biting his great forefinger in his irritation. "Ye don't care the flippin' of a pecan what I say, nor nuthin'. Here your poor ole father's wearin' hisself out with worryment the hull evenin', an' you traipsin' the 'Shadder Woods' and otherwise cavortin'. Store-keeper Hackett was here inquirin' fur ye, an' I done all I could to entertain him with whisky and keards; but they didn't seem to take no effect onto him. Fin'ly I quit in disgust. Young Dr. Fox called this arternoon, and said them Dodd children was all down with typhoid fevier, and that the malarial was stalkin' abroad on the face o' the yearth, and you must be careful. He left some powders fur ye. And yet," concluded Mr. Fentriss, tossing his arms in the agony of parental responsibility—"and yet you continues to fly in the face of Providence by consortin' in them blamed ole woods."

The eyes above the bed-quilt were apparently unmoved by this chapter of woes, but a restless movement on the part of Miss Edith's foot betrayed irritation.

"That's jest it!" continued the unhappy sire. "Tain't nothin' new. Continue on in this way and you'll succeed in bringin' your ole dad's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I was readin' in the paper to-night about Mame Yancey's goin's on. She's breakin' her father's heart too. It must be six months she's been engaged, and now she's run off with her fianseer to San Antone and got married. This independence of young wim-

men and their beaux is plumb ruination." The irrelevance of this last statement was apparently beyond silence.

"You're too absurd, father!" Edith broke in, with a petulant kick at the bed-quilt. "What has my walking in the Shadow Woods got to do with the actions of Miss Yancey and her fiancé? It's too ridiculous, you old darling! Isn't it, Tommy? See, pop, he's laughing at you!" and the young girl rose upon one dimpled arm, and permitted her former rigid attitude of remonstrance to relax in undulating curves.

"It tain't absurd, Ede!" replied the old man, promptly, clutching desperately at the bear-skin which was fast slipping from him and betraying the dishabille it concealed. "It tain't foolish nuther; an' you an' me hev got to hev trouble, sis, if you keeps it up. I hev told you that that air blamed swale is chuck-full of road-agints and dumb ager, and a'n't no way safe fur any young woman, and now the sheriff of Oskaloos is settin' down-stairs in the kitchen to prove it. I jest found him knockin' at the front door, and totin' this 'coon, which he say she found in the Shadder Woods, but I tumbled to your little racket in half a minute."

Mr. Fentriss paused and endeavored to

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throw a look of playful cunning into his expressionless blue eyes. It was evidently a failure, for he cast down his lids with an embarrassed cough.

"This ringin' in a cold deck on me, an' otherwise neglectin' yer own flesh and blood, is onreasonable," he entreated.

Miss Edith relaxed sweetly. She reached out of bed, caught a corner of the bear-skin, and drew it toward her with all the strength of her lithe young arm. The old man weakened. He came slowly forward, trailing the bear-skin, with visible signs of relenting in his face, which he endeavored to hide beneath gestures of remonstrance. The 'coon, seeing that the humor of the moment called for a concentration of forces, drew near the bed, and when the old man was compelled to compromise and save his equilibrium by sitting down upon its foot, the animal at once jumped into it, and attempted to establish himself on confidential terms with both parties. Miss Edith laughed, and drew him toward and her softly caressed him.

"What's this about the sheriff down-stairs?" she demanded, coaxingly.

"He's *there*," said the old man, with emphasis, "and he backs me up in all I've been sayin'. He's been detailed to do what he kin to break up the band of road-agints that hev been interferin' with the stage line and general peace of mind of this section. He says the woods ain't no place for ye, and told me not to worry, for he reckoned you knowed it. He's a mighty good-lookin' young feller too, and barrin' a scratched face from runnin' into a tree, kalkerlated to keep a young gal to home. Don't you reckon you better get up and help me entertain him?"

Miss Fentriss shed the first part of her father's speech with calm indifference; she raised her eyebrows at the last, and clasping her hands over her knees above the bed-quilt, intently regarded the old man.

"Is he light or dark?" she asked, eagerly.

"Light," said her sire—"like thet sorrel colt I'm raisin' fer ye."

Miss Edith sighed, and began to comb anew the dark tresses whose care the old man's entrance had interrupted.

"How long is he going to stay?" she inquired through the mists of her hair.

"A week, likely."

She laid down the comb at once, pushed the 'coon off the bed upon the floor, and settled herself comfortably upon her pillow. "Then I reckon there's time enough," she said, with a yawn. "I reckon the skeriff 'll look better by daylight. Good-night, papa. Close the door after you, and be sure the give Tommy Dodd a good supper." With which abrupt termination of this unseasonable interview she composed herself for slumber.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Vengeful Public.

Mrs. Ambition (anxiously)—"Well, my dear, did you get elected?"

Mr. Ambition (despondently)—"I was overwhelmingly defeated, buried in oblivion; got only one vote and that I cast myself."

"Dear me! What happened?"

"The people found out that I used to be an L. road gateman."—New York Weekly.

The Complications of Modern Society.

Clara—"I thought you had decided that everything was over between you and Harry, and yet you've been sitting there for an hour thinking of him."

Maud (dejectedly)—"Well, I can't make up my mind whether it would be better to sue him for breach of promise or to make up with him, marry, and then sue for divorce and alimony."—Drake's Magazine.



A PLACE for lawyers—the Sioux Reservation.—Chicago Globe.

A LAUGHING stock—The joker's fund of humor.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE original National flower was the Mayflower.—Chicago Herald.

WALL decorations are not proud if most of them are stuck up.—Troy Times.

SHEETS of flame are usually spread over a bed of coals.—Baltimore American.

THE Ballet-Girl Trust is in the nature of a tights' squeeze.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

We've not tread such a dance
Since the old Boston dip,
As this measure from France,
That is known as *La grippe*.
—Town Topics.

THE police and tramps fraternize because both are on the beat.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE part of the ghost in "Hamlet" is the tragedian's stalk in trade.—Washington Capital.

THE man who is given to sober reflection seldom gets into a tight place.—Boston Courier.

WHEN a man is under a cloud he appreciates the advantages of a silver lining.—Boston Post.

IRISH waiters on the lookout for a quarter presumably hail from Tipperary.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE society man who "drinks like a fish" is always to be found "deep in the swim."—Chicago Globe.

MCGINTY went to the bottom of the sea to find out how large the crop of suckers was.—Chicago Journal.

SAID the chimney-swallow: "This is a dark outlook, but I suppose I will have to be sooted with it."—Terre Haute Express.

A German musician named Schwenza
Caught the Russian influenza.
It set him to sneezing
And coughing and wheezing,
So he couldn't sing a cadenza
—Dansville Breeze.

GREECE is to put up a monument in memory of Byron. It should be "Maid of Athens" marble.—New Orleans Picayune.

AT last accounts a cyclone was loose in Indiana. It probably will have to be pacified with a post-office.—Chicago News.

A SURE sign that the door-bell is going to ring: When you are the only one in the house and are in the bathtub.—Atchison Globe.

ALL the countries of the earth appear to be sighing for an Eiffel Tower. It is a towering ambition, so to speak.—Boston Herald.

THE joke that is too far fetched is liable to become stale in transit. Therefore a joke should never be carried too far.—Oil City Blizzard.

THERE may be some doubt as to whether faith cure really does cure, but its killing powers have never been questioned.—Philadelphia Call.

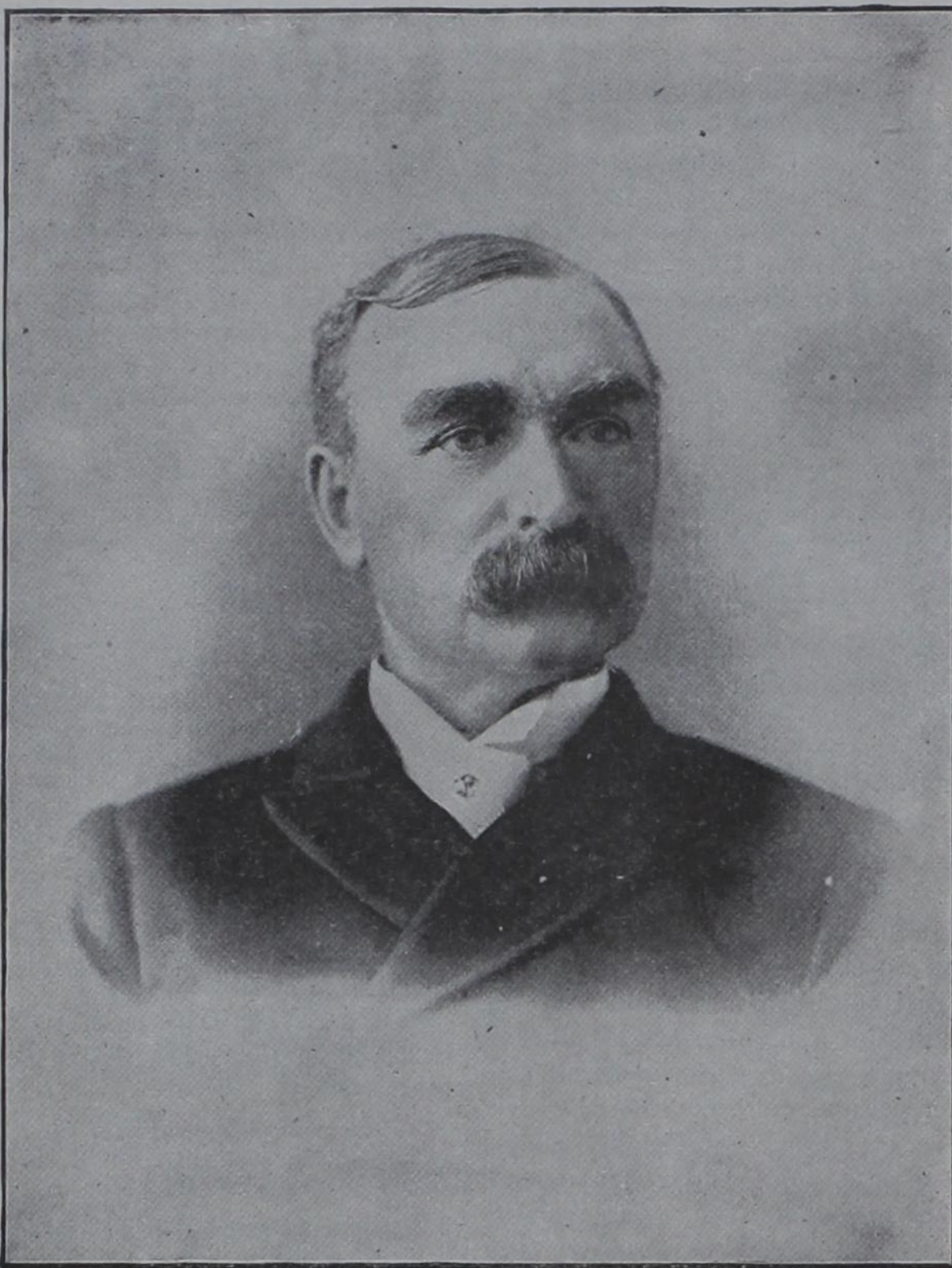
A JERSEY writer believes that flies buzzing around the human countenance produce hay fever. This is a theory not to be sneezed at.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AND now the dressmakers are talking of organizing a Trust. If they adhere to the latest fashion-plates they will begin by electing a "Board of Directoires."—Chicago Herald.

WHEN a young lady begins to manifest an interest in the arrangement of a young man's cravat his bachelor days are numbered. It is time to begin to hoard money.—Philadelphia Press.

Coughs and colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

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THOMAS F. GILROY,

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS, NEW YORK.

Known of all men in New York is the sturdy, capable man whose picture is herewith presented, for he has been connected with the administration of public affairs in one capacity or another for more than a quarter of a century. He was born in Ireland in 1840, but was a young immigrant, for he came to New York in 1846 and has remained in this city ever since. He received a common school education, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to Edward O. Jenkins, who then kept a printing establishment in Frankfort street. He served his time there, and was known as a good printer, but on reaching his majority he decided that sticking type was not his vocation, and leaving the business he applied for a clerkship in the same department of the city government of which he is now the head. Or, rather, it was the Croton Aqueduct Department, as it was then called, which is now enlarged to the Department of Public Works. He secured the place, and has been in public service ever since, being advanced from time to time as his capacity was demonstrated. His second position was that of Clerk of the Supreme Court. Then he was for two years the clerk of the Senate Railroad Committee and of the Joint Railroad Committee of Senate and Assembly. Then he was clerk of the District Court in the Annexed District for three years; then for nine years clerk of the Ninth District Court.

When Mr. Flack was made County Clerk the law was changed, giving that official a salary instead of the fees of the office, and he chose Mr. Gilroy as his Deputy in order that the many complications that arose might be straightened out satisfactorily, for Mr. Gilroy had demonstrated by this time very remarkable administrative ability. Flack was afterward elected Sheriff, and straightway appointed Gilroy as Under-Sheriff. A little later the office of Commissioner of Public Works became vacant, and Mr. Gilroy was appointed by the Mayor to the position he now holds.

He has been always identified with Tammany Hall, and in that organization he has received full recognition of his unusual ability. For ten years he was Secretary of the General Committee, the Committee on Organization, and the Executive Committee. For five years he has been Secretary of the Tammany Society, and he is now the Chairman of the Committee on Organization, and of the General Committee, besides being the recognized leader in his district in Harlem where he has lived for twenty-five years.

In this long record there is no blemish. Leal friend and staunch foe, Thomas F. Gilroy has never been accused by friend or enemy of mal-administration of public affairs or of tergiversation in any relation in life. His yea is yea, and his nay, nay. Socially he is extremely popular, and his friends are a mighty host in number.

The American Idea.

Mrs. Slatterly (to her servant)—"Come right in here, Mary, and eat your supper with the family."

Mary—"No, thank'ee, mum; I only came here to earn my wages; not to be looked down on."—Puck.

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The Bum Show.

The conceited New York men who imagine that they can write and act plays do a good deal toward the support of the West. A fool who imagines that he can write a play runs across a fool who imagines he can act, and together they find a fool with money. The result is a bum show, which at once heads for the West. The bum show never plays to a paying house, and distributes a good deal of New York money along its route. Finally the particular fool back of the show becomes bankrupt, and his particular bum show is taken off the road. The attempts of the New York jays to make their plays go in the West are as hopeless as would be attempts to build an ice palace in the bad place, but they keep at it every season. There are a greater number of bum shows on the road this winter than ever before. Let them increase and multiply; they bring eastern money to the West.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

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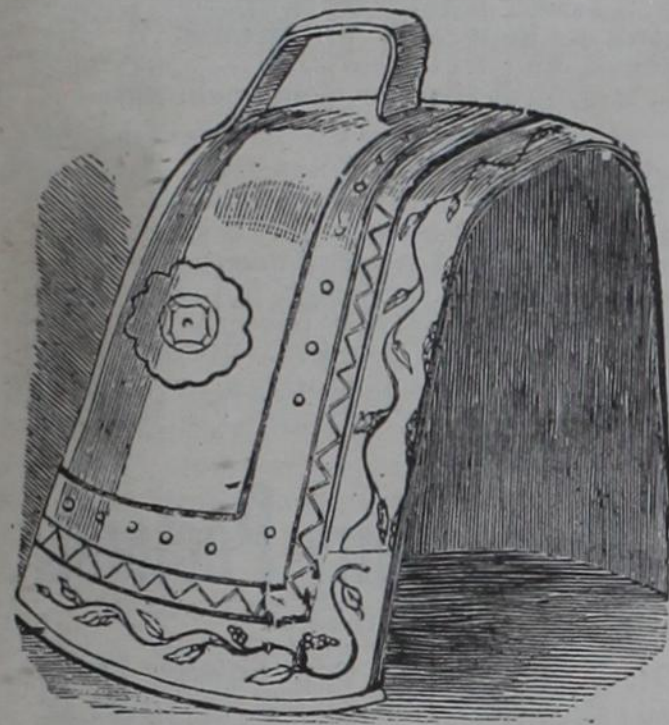
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Curfew.

Everybody has heard of the curfew bell, at the sound of which our ancestors put out their lights and quenched their fires. But the popular notion respecting the curfew is altogether erroneous, as to its name, its author, and its object.

The curfew is a vulgar corruption of *couvre feu*—that is, French for "cover the fire." The kind of instrument used for the purpose is shown in the accompanying engraving. Curfew is as much a corruption as beef-eater for *buffetier*, bull and mouth for Boulogne mouth, and kickshaw for *quelque chose*.

It is more than doubtful whether William the Conqueror introduced the curfew into England. It is certain that the practice



THE REAL CURFEW.

prevailed in most other countries of Europe; and there are incidental allusions by old writers, which seem to intimate that it was well known in England before the Norman invasion.

The object of the curfew was not to degrade and humiliate a vanquished people, but to preserve life and property from destruction by fire. The rule that fires and candles should be extinguished at an early hour, was no more arbitrary than the same rule aboard ship, when we consider the condition of society as it then was. The houses were chiefly built of wood, and were far more combustible than they are now; the accidental outbreak of a fire often ended in the destruction of half a city and the loss of many lives. There were no engines to put out the fire—no water supply to be at once obtained—no fire-escapes to rescue endangered lives—no fire offices to make good the losses. The curfew was simply a useful police regulation, and if it was sometimes barbarously enforced, it was merely characteristic of the barbarity of the times.

No doubt Norman William was rapacious, tyrannical, and arbitrary, but no censure can attach to him on account of the curfew. The custom was, in all probability, practiced before his time, and it was certainly continued for six hundred years afterwards. Even now the ringing of a bell is still continued at the appointed hour, when

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."
—Exchange.

Nature in Convulsion

Is terrific. Volcanic eruptions, cyclones, earthquakes are awfully and tremendously picturesque, but scarcely desirable to emulate in action and effect by the administration of remedies which produce convulsion and agony in the abnormal portion of the human frame. Such is the effect of the old fashioned violent purgatives happily falling more and more into disuse, and of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the wholesome, pleasant and far more effective succedaneum. They weakened the intestines—the Bitters invigorates them. They left the bowels inactive, because incapacitated by ensuring feebleness. The Bitters, on the contrary, and because it enables, not forces, them to act—a vast and fortunate difference—perpetuates their activity and regularity. The liver is beneficially stimulated, as the kidneys also are, by this medicine, which easily conquers, also, malaria, nervousness and rheumatism.

Key—"This door is locked, isn't it?"
Keyhole—"Yes; come inside and unlock it."—Puck.

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

For Men who Cultivate Style.

Large shoes wear out hosiery quicker than shoes that fit properly.

Heavy walking gloves of dogskin are worn a little large. Tight gloves make cold fingers.

White satin and silk puffs, as well as four-in-hands, are strong favorites for afternoon dress.

The double-breasted sack, with lap seams, raw edged, patch pockets and silk-faced lapels, is very popular.

The little tight-rolled crown English Derbys are shown this year with the band knot directly in the rear.

The medium straight-cut trousers, which fit the leg nicely, are the most popular with good dressers. The trousers are creased front and back.

It is a noticeable fact that fancy vests are remarkable for their scarcity. Good dressers are wearing vests to match the coat. They are made single or double-breasted.

If you take a wide Ascot scarf, cross it in front, muss it all up, then shut your eyes and put the pin in the scarf without looking where it goes, you will obtain a result much sought after by Anglo-manicacs.—The Haberdasher.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The pencil of Th. Nast appears on the pages of our sprightly contemporary, Time, every week, and with renewed vigor.

Mr. Charles Hallock, the founder of American journalism on field and water sports, and one of the most eminent writers on outdoor life, is now permanently associated in the editorial conduct of The American Angler.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1890 comes to us in very handsome shape, the cover being an artistic triumph. This is the pioneer seed catalogue of America, and every year it gives a great deal of information that is valuable to the florist and horticulturist.

Dear Old Story-Tellers. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lorthrop Co. Price \$1.00. Unassuming in size, dress and title, it is in its revelations as glad a surprise as a tiny charm. It discovers to the mind's eye a gracious group of portraits—blind Homer; misshapen Æsop; the shadowy inventors of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; Charles Perault, to whom children are indebted for Puss in Boots and Little Red Riding-Hood; La Fontaine "the Good;" the Brothers Grimm; Anderson, the storyteller of Copenhagen; the authors of Paul and Virginia, Undine, Abdallah, Robinson Crusoe; and—the only woman of them all, but not cast down on that account—world-famous Mother Goose. It is a group, not of persons only, but of distinct personalities. Individual merits and failings, tastes and habits, the follies, absurdities, contradictions and quaintnesses of child-like natures, beautiful loves and friendships are all accurately and lovingly noted.

Vital questions of the day are the subjects of the leading articles in the January number of the Cosmopolitan. The recent revolution in Brazil and the overthrow of Dom Pedro's monarchy make timely a carefully considered article by Mayo W. Hazeltine, on Thrones that will Totter Next. The probabilities for the immediate future of European governments, are most interestingly forecast. Great industries, involving almost unlimited capital and contributing to the physical comfort of entire peoples, find a topic under the title of Sugar Cane and Sugar Making, by W. H. Ballou, illustrated so as to give a clear idea of this manufacture to any reader. Fashion, unconsciously a matter of moment to every person wishing to appear well in the eyes of others, has an historical treatment in a clever illustrated article entitled The Development of the Coat and Waistcoat, by William Hamilton Bell. Art, as a stimulus to civilization and underlying all progress by means of the examples found in notable works of both old and modern masters, includes an article upon the ever popular Bouguereau, artist and man, fully illustrated and written by Carroll Beckwith, an American artist, intimately familiar with the subject and the artist. The great question of education is treated by Prof. Boyesen in an article reproducing photographs of classes and class-rooms, buildings and professors of Columbia College.

Mr. Samuel Spandau, the Artist Tailor, has opened a new store on Third avenue, No. 1160, between 67th and 68th streets. His new place is much finer than the one that was burned on Eighth avenue. His goods and work are first-class and give universal satisfaction. Some of the best dressed gentlemen of Harlem are among his customers.

Must Do Something.

Customer (in drug store)—"Give me about ten grains of quinine in four ounces of whisky. My physician says if I don't take plenty of quinine I'm a dead man."

Clerk—"Sorry, sir, but we're all out of quinine; there's a car-load on the way."

Customer—"I s'pose there is; but it doesn't do me any good. Well, give me eight ounces of whisky, then—I've got to do something for this terrible malaria."—Epoch.

"Born to be Happy,"

so said Socrates; so have reiterated many other philosophers in regard to humanity. As health is the vital principle of bliss, it is not only an imperative duty, but a welcome privilege for every man and woman to maintain it in the highest degree. One of the most insidious and dangerous omissions in this connection is to neglect a tendency to constipation. The clogging up of the system with effete matter predisposes to disease, depresses the spirits, and creates gloom and despondency. The occasional use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will prevent a constipated habit, clear the brain, sweeten the temper, (and we might add, the breath also) and open a vista of happy activity possible only to the well regulated mind and body.

PERSONS whose favorite occupation is rolling a lawn-mower cannot be said to be wanting in push.—Boston Transcript.

A Chance to Make Money.

MR. EDITOR: I bought one of Griffith's machines for plating with gold, silver or nickel, and it works to perfection. No sooner did people hear of it than I had more spoons, knives, forks and jewelry than I could plate in a month. The first week I cleared \$31.30, the first month \$167.85, and I think by July first I will have \$1,000 cash and give my farm considerable attention too. My daughter made \$27.40 in four days. Any person can get one of these machines by sending \$3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, O., or can obtain circulars by addressing them. You can learn to use the machine in one hour. As this is my first lucky streak, I give my experience, hoping others may be benefited as much as I have been. Yours truly, M. O. MOREHEAD, Richmond, Ind.

HUDNUT, the New York druggist, has sold out and retired with about a million clean money. If, as some people think, the drug business was all profit he would have had \$2,000,000.—Rochester Herald.



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Our Kaleidoscope.

Talent and genius are considered as wonderful gifts to their possessors, but, after all, good common sense and hard work will accomplish more in the battle of life. The man of industry and common sense often gets nearly to the top of the ladder of success, while the man of talent and genius is still resting under the shade of a neighboring tree or guzzling beer in the nearest saloon. A man may have talent, but if he is lazy he is soon distanced in the race by competitors less speedy, but who have staying qualities that will land them winners every time. A man may be a genius, but if he is not well-balanced he is liable to bolt the track at a critical moment and lose where, had he stuck to his work, the victor's laurels had surely been his. Look about you a little; in all the walks of life you will see these truths exemplified. There is a man whom everybody admits is a genius, but he lacks ballast. Strong drink is his besetting sin. And so, despite his brilliant intellect in a given direction, he is weak and foolish in another to an extent that proves his utter ruin in the end. Here is another who has talent, but lacks energy, and eventually he proves a failure, too. So, when you hear a man spoken of as a genius, reserve your admiration, and envy, until you discover whether or not with his genius he has common sense and will ingness—nay, a desire—to work, and work hard at that. If so, then stand afar off and worship him, for unless you are yourself up and doing with all the might there is in you the chances are you will never get within good speaking distance, anyhow.—Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

HOW POLLY AND PETER KEEP HOUSE.



My uncle is threshing with Freddy;
My mother has gone to the fair;
I've vowed to be steady as steady,
And baby, she's tied in the chair;
I must brush up the hearth to look neater,
And put all the tea-cups away—
There's no one to help me but Peter,
And Peter—why, Peter's at play.

Just hear how the turkeys are crying,
And the calf is as hungry as two!
I'll see if the cherries are drying,
And then there's the churning to do;
In summer we churn in the cellar,
So baby can come there to stay—
I must think of a story to tell her
While Peter—but Peter's at play.

It is time that the chicken was over,
And my mending is scarcely begun—
Here's Peter come up from the clover,
And we never have dinner till one!
I'll just make this sauce a bit sweeter
And bring out some cakes on a tray—
He must be well treated, poor Peter,
He does work so hard at his play!
—Dora Read Goodale, in St. Nicholas.

WHY?

Oh, fisherman! Oh, fisherman!
Why so prevaricate?
And swear the biggest fish you caught
You had to use for bait?
—New York Sun.

HER OWN REQUEST.

They stand beneath the shining stars,
Their hearts with gladness fraught;
No sordid thought their pleasure mars;
Their troths they just have plighted.

Her hand reposes on his vest,
She views his blond mustache,
Then cries: "Oh, grant me one request"—
He turns as pale as ash.

She says, with longing in her eyes—
The faithless little jilt—
"Oh, give me all your old neckties
To make a crazy quilt."
—America.

CARBONATE CARAMELS.

Did you ever see a little dog,
A little bit of a cur—
Run out in the street in a barking fit,
And make a terrible stir,
As a great big Newfoundland went by,
Or Mastiff, or St. Bernard,
And tried his attention to attract—
Yes, tried so very hard?

But does the Mastiff or Newfoundland,
Or the St. Bernard descend
To notice the snarling little cur,
Or his dignity unbend?
No, no, indeed! he just trots on
In his ultra dignified way,
And pays no heed to the snarling cur
Or his insolent bark or bay.

And the big man thus, in his social life,
Or his business, sizes up
The contemptible chap who barks at his heels
Like the mangy cur of a pup;
And he goes on his way like a social star,
And in business gathers the "scads,"
While the cur grows thin o'er his meager bone,
And joy his soul ne'er glads.
—Earl Marble.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Cause of Kentucky Feuds.

Mr. Mildman—"Colonel, what is the cause of the dreadful feuds you have in Kentucky? I understand that frequently vendettas arise between families, and that often a hundred or more on each side will meet and have fearful battles, and that these feuds sometimes continue until families are decimated."

Colonel Gunneater—"Why, sah, thar's nuthin' so monst'ous dreadful, sah, about those feuds, sah. It is true, sah, that sometimes the boys meet, sah, on cou't days, and othah public occasions, sah, and indulge in some of the diversions which you mention, sah, but they are not regarded, sah, as dreadful, sah, nor fearful, sah. The fact is, sah, that we have no base-ball, foot-ball or othah games like those, sah, in which men are crippled and mutilated, sah; we prefer death to mutilation, sah. We have no recreations of that kind, and people must have thar amusements, sah. Besides, you have doubtless heard the old saying, sah, All work and no play, sah, makes Jack a dull boy, sah."—Tacoma Globe.

Of Course He Saw Him.

Two acquaintances meet on the sidewalk. "Why, helloa, Anderson," says Jackson, appearing to be much surprised, "we haven't seen each other for a long time."

"We have not seen each other," Anderson answers, "but you have doubtless seen me."

"Why (again surprised), what do you mean?"

"Nothing, only that five I let you have some time ago."

They haven't met again.—Arkansas Traveler.

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TWO WEEKS
THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
Of Lime and Soda
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DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

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We know the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Co. to be a thoroughly reliable firm and advise our readers to accept their offer.—EDITOR.

The Glib and Genteel Sponge.

"My friend, Mr.—Mr.—excuse me, my memory is so treacherous—but your name has slipped me for a moment."

"Never mind," coldly put in the observant Philadelphian, "I have met your friend before and do not desire to know him again."

"Why—"

"Oh, it's of no consequence," hastily muttered the friend. "I have to catch a train. See you later."

"Don't get indignant, my dear boy," resumed the observant one, after the friend had disappeared from the bar-room. "I'll bet you a bottle that you haven't known your friend more than a day or two, and that you never knew his name. Come now."

"Why, yes, that's true, but any one whom I see fit to—"

"Yes, I know; but let me tell you something. That fellow is a fisherman and a clever one."

"A fisherman?"

"For drinks. He spends his time going the rounds of the first-class bar-rooms. He sizes up a knot of men drinking at the bar, and to become one of them is, to him, an easy matter. He is a good story teller, in a certain way, knows how to flatter without putting it on so thick that it will be noticed, and by a combination of gall and good clothes, manages to keep his skin comfortably full of liquor all the time, with a dinner now and then thrown in. Sometimes he poses as an actor; sometimes as a base-ball player, and he generally gets there, for mankind, as a rule, seldom see any further than their noses. This fellow is not alone in his peculiar line, but he's the best I have noticed."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Sensible Calendar.

As usual at this time of the year the new crop of Calendars is coming in; they are of all sorts, sizes, shapes and kinds, and many of them can be had for the asking, but the BEST Calendar that comes to our office is that published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, and which they send post-paid to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

This calendar is 14x22 inches, the upper portion being beautifully printed in colors, while the monthly sheets are printed with figures so plain that they can be easily seen at a distance. Although the calendar is an advertisement of their ever-growing business it is at the same time so valuable to those having use for a calendar that year by year the sale steadily increases.

The Unseen Mote.

Doctor—"I am sorry, sir, but your case is hopeless. You are suffering from nervous prostration, from palpitation of the heart, and from a cancer in the throat, all brought on by your excessive smoking of cigars."

Journalist—"Is there no remedy?"

"None whatever! But I interrupted you; what were you writing when I came in?"

"An editorial on the deadly cigarette."—Puck.

Liver disease, biliousness, dyspepsia, or indigestion, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it returned.

Why the Young Man Went.

Paterfamilias (from the head of the stairs at 2 A. M.)—"Fanny, will you ask that young man to step into the hall a moment?"

Young Man (timidly)—"W—well, sir?"

Paterfamilias—"I just wanted to ask you where you wanted your trunk put when it comes."—Lawrence American.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

PEARS' "Paris" SOAP.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world.
Highest possible distinction.

Not What He Meant.

Young Husband (inspecting a pair of newly-mended stockings)—"Why, this darn—"

Young Wife (interrupting)—"Oh, Charley! Please don't swear about it. Don't use such language. I did the best I knew. Oh, boo hoo! boo hoo!"

Young Husband (comforting the distressed)—"Why, Myrtie love, what's the matter? I only started to say this darn— was simply superb."—Drake's Magazine.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floralplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

It Was a Clear Case.

Boarding mistress (after watching a boarder eat three sausages with great celerity)—"You must be an Odd Fellow, sir?"

Boarder—"You've guessed it; but how did you know?"

Mistress—"I knew you must be by the familiar way in which you handled those three links."—Lowell Citizen.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

After a man has finished putting up his stove-pipe the family parrot has to be kept out of the room when the minister calls.—Yonkers Statesman.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

A man no sooner lets a confidential-looking stranger take him apart than he wants to pull himself together again.—New Orleans Picayune.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

It is the man who orders a room on the top floor who takes up the most room in writing his name on the hotel register.—Atchison Globe.

If you suffer from "cold in the head," or from Chronic Catarrh in the Head, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures when everything else fails.

The trouble with men who go to the devil is that they continue to stay with us.—Atchison Globe.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder produces a soft and beautiful skin; it combines every element of beauty and purity.

Mr. Hakes' Luck.

It was current on the streets of Cairo the day following the great December drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, that one-fortieth of ticket '98,455, that drew the capital prize was held here, but some days elapsed before it was known who held it. Finally it was reported that Mr. Z. A. Hakes, a sub-contractor under Little & Greenley, on the Cache levee work, was the lucky man, and that he had gone to New Orleans to draw his money. Learning yesterday that Mr. Hakes was in town, stopping at Uncle Joe's Hotel, the *Argus* sent a reporter to interview him.

Mr. Hakes is a quiet, small, plain-appearing man, about fifty years of age. He is an intelligent, energetic man that one would take to be well suited to his business. He is averse to notoriety, but does not hesitate to tell the facts in regard to his windfall. As reported, he held one-fortieth of the ticket that drew \$600,000 in the December drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and had been down to New Orleans and collected his money, \$15,000. He went by the Mobile & Ohio road. Upon arriving in the Crescent City he proceeded to the office of the Louisiana State Lottery, where he presented his fractional ticket, and without any trouble got the large sum of money it called for. He apprehended that identification would be necessary, but was told in the office that possession of the ticket was all that was necessary.

He was afterwards the recipient of courtesies at the hands of the lottery officials, who deemed him their guest, as one who had come a long distance to transact business with them, and of additional interest to them as one taking a portion of the great capital prize of their December drawing. His praise of the hospitality they extended to him is unstinted.

Mr. Hakes deposited his money in a Cairo bank, and it is safe to say will use it to the best advantage for himself.—Cairo (Ill.) *Argus*, December 30.

PERSONS whose favorite occupation is rolling a lawn-mower cannot be said to be wanting in push.—Boston Transcript.

ONEITA

Chemists have made careful analysis of this water, and find that it possesses rare mineral qualities, especially valuable in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles. It is largely used by physicians with the most gratifying results.

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